

## CHARIVARIA.

THE North Sea, or German Ocean? That is the question.

One can but admire the studious care which the German Government is now taking to avoid giving us offence. A new cruiser, whose tonnage exceeds that of the *Dreadnoughts*, was launched last week with an entire absence of fuss and ceremony, and the German press was even requested to refrain from publishing any details concerning her, as these might cause irritation here.

And Herr von KUHLMANN, Councillor of the German Embassy, speaking at a dinner of the International Arbitration League, remarked "The naval rivalry between the two countries will not interfere with their good relations, because, when this rivalry is examined, it will be found not to exist." At the same time we do hope that this does not mean that we are regarded over there as hopelessly out-classed.

The suggestion of a Letter-card or Postcard Campaign, every voter to write to his Member demanding eight *Dreadnoughts*, is said to have the secret support of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. We understand that, of the two forms of communication, he would prefer Letter-cards.

Preparations are now complete for announcing the birth of the Dutch royal baby. A battery of artillery, stationed at the Hague, will fire a salute of 101 guns if a prince be born, and 51 guns if the little visitor prove to be a princess. The latter will therefore have the best chance of surviving the nation's deafening welcome.

Mr. A. E. W. MASON has decided not to seek re-election. He is said to have made the discovery that politics and literature are incompatible. And yet, as a Tory friend suggests, would the Liberals be in power now but for the aid of fiction?

It has often been said that, if you wish to keep people on the land, you must make their lives less dull by providing them with amusement and recreation. It looks as if this were true. Last year, when Cattle Drives were allowed in Ireland, the emigration from that country was the lowest on record.

While we have the greatest admiration for energetic health officers, it is, we

We were interested to read in *The Daily Chronicle* that the little cottage in which Mr. SELFRIDGE was born is still standing. We trust it will not divert too many Americans from the Stratford-on-Avon pilgrimage.

A gentleman who was sued in the City of London Court the other day for the price of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* protested that Brazil was described in that publication as the only monarchy in America. This strikes one as being a curious defence, for it is just such exclusive information as this which gives the old edition of *The Encyclopædia* its unique interest.

A huge ale store at Burton-on-Trent is being converted into a skating-rink. The change, after all, may not be so very striking. Customers should still have every facility for losing their equilibrium.

It is said that 50,000 Irish Old Age Pensioners are to be disqualified. When this is done the supply of Erin's grievances should be almost equal to the demand.

The latest rumour about the Naval situation is to the effect that the London County Council is about to offer its fleet to the Nation.

Since Mr. Justice LAWRENCE ordered the use of the "cat" there have been very few cases of robbery with violence in the County of Glamorgan. This is

most satisfactory. The local criminals are evidently afraid of being "brutalised."

"Very cheap eggs cannot be expected for several weeks to come," says *The Grocer*. This statement should effectually dispose of the rumour that a General Election is impending.

"The handsome new gates at the Marble Arch are acetylene-welded. This opens up a big field."—*Acetylene*. A most disrespectful way of referring to Hyde Park.



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR CARS.

III.—FOR NAVAL MEN.

should say, a nice question whether someone at Bristol has not been over-doing things. According to *The Clifton Chronicle*:—"At present there are ten cases of small-pox in the city hospital. A number of patients have been destroyed."

The Baconians have met with another rebuff. A Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, who was fined on his first appearance at Marylebone for intoxication, declared himself to be JOHN MILTON on his second appearance, and finally admitted that his real name was THOMAS MOORE.

## THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

THE NAVY QUESTION: PATRIOTISM AND PARTY.

"HAVE you been reading your Yellow Press?" I asked Prenderby last Saturday.

"My 'Yellow Press'?" he replied innocently; "tell me about that."

"It's the name," I said, "which the Radical rufflers give to the Tory rufflers."

"Ah, the buttercup calling the dandelion yellow?"

"Yes; and the buttercups are just now abusing the dandelions for making Party capital out of the Navy scare."

"Is New Zealand a dandelion?"

"New Zealand is a peach," I said.

"I, too," said Prenderby, "am a bit of a wall-fruit myself."

I sit out and watch, where I can see most of the sport without taking sides. So when you talk about the Navy being made a Party question, I ask myself, without prejudice, *who began that game?* And my answer, without prejudice, is that it began inside the Cabinet. Here was ASQUITH, who knew exactly the needs of the Navy, but found his house divided against itself. He found LLOYD-GEORGE and WINSTON CHURCHILL (not to mention one or two names of greater weight) bitterly opposed to the course which his duty, as responsible for the Nation's safety, marked out for him. A bigger man would have let his Party break up rather than yield on a point of national necessity. But he preferred at all costs to keep his Party together, and so made a compromise. Unfortunately he had still to persuade the rank and file of his followers to accept even these half-and-half measures; and in this effort he grew more portentous than he meant, and then the trouble began.

"I confess," continued Prenderby, having got his head, "that I should have been better pleased with the Unionists if, after entering the strongest possible protest, they had seen their way to wash their hands of the business and to avoid all appearance of seeking to make Party capital out of it. Two yellows do not make a white. But, after all, no honest statesman can wash his hands of a matter that concerns the very existence of the Nation; and in any case an Opposition would be more than human if it declined to treat as a Party question what had already been forced into that category, as I have shown, by the action of a Prime Minister who apparently was more concerned to keep his Party together than to assure the safety of the Empire."

"I have often heard my Radical friends indulge in pleasant-ries over what they called the 'Khaki' Election of 1900. Well, if the next one is a Blue-jacket Election, they will have their own side to thank for it. Heavens! How they give themselves away!"

"Anyhow," I said, being anxious to divert him from a line of argument which pained me—"anyhow, both sides are agreed that Germany is at perfect liberty to follow her own devices."

"That unanimity," replied Prenderby, "is to me the most deplorable feature in the whole controversy. No nation, with even the minimum of intelligence requisite for self-preservation, permits a neighbour, however friendly, to mass troops upon their common frontier without adequate reason given. When the Boers sent us their ultimatum, and followed it up over the border a few hours later, it would have been futile for us to try to persuade them that our troops had been thrown into Natal for the sake of its climatic advantages. Well, the North Sea is one of our frontiers, isn't it?"

"Without a map at hand," said I, "I cannot verify your allegation. But I assume that you would not go so far as to ask Germany for an explanation of her accelerated programme?"

"That," said Prenderby gravely, "would mean immediate

war; and I happen to be congenitally addicted to a preference for Peace. Besides, a great nation does not ask these questions aloud, but only of herself; and she answers them out of her own head; and she acts accordingly. She makes timely provision for rendering her rival's ambitions hopeless. And it is because I am convinced that a course of weakness and delay and Party time-service is the surest means of keeping those ambitions alive that I, who belong to no Party but the Party of honourable Peace, protest against a policy that is bringing us daily nearer to the unspeakable horrors of war. There are still two days before BALFOUR makes his final appeal, and of course ASQUITH may reconsider his position. But I gather that he intends to show a firm front to the Opposition; in other words, to show a flabby back to the Little-Fleeters in his own Cabinet."

"With great respect," said I, "are you not the victim of panic?"

"My dear fool," replied Prenderby, mislaying for the moment his habitual courtesy, "this is not a question of courage. No one accuses Germany of cowardice for keeping up that stupendous army of hers, nor regards HALDANE as a very brave fellow because he is unctuously satisfied with next to none at all. We are not proposing to play twenty men against a German Rugby fifteen. We could afford to give them odds at that game, and if we were beaten we could always smile and look forward to the return match. But in a naval war, which is a rather more serious game than mud-larking, if an island race like ours is beaten there is no return match—not, at least, for that generation. And you only have to knock up against a few casual mines, and your narrow margin, and more, may vanish automatically. No, the bravest nation in the world cannot afford to take risks in the game of war."

"Well, what do you want?" I said, with excusable petulance. "Would you have the Tories in? I'm told they're very short of big men."

"I offer no opinion," said Prenderby, "on the subject of their size; but I would sooner be governed by pigmies who are agreed on a sound naval policy than by giants who differ about it."

"Prenderby," I said, "it has long been my custom to consult you on grave political questions because of your notorious detachment of mind. But to-day it seems to be your malevolent purpose to try to shatter my cherished belief in a Government which not only represents the flower of British intelligence, but is supported with almost mechanical devotion by the greatest majority of modern times."

"My boy," said Prenderby, on a paternal note, "as far as domestic matters are concerned, I don't care a brass button as to which side nominally governs the country. I can with calmness leave to the common sense of the public to see that its will is carried out on points that intelligibly affect its pocket and general welfare. But as regards the Army, the Navy, and Foreign Affairs, in which the public needs instruction and leadership, I would use the best men from both sides. I should like a Coalition Ministry, a Ministry of All the Patriots. It is an intolerable scandal that the country cannot enjoy the invaluable services of a man like EDWARD GREY, without having at the same time to suffer the attentions of—well, you know whom, simply because the latter happens for the moment to call himself by the same Party name of Liberal, though their two standards are as wide apart as the Poles."

"And in such a Government," I said, with my best irony, "you would accept the Admiralty, if it were offered you?"

"If you were their only alternative, yes," said Prenderby.

My reply was marked by considerable dignity. I said:

"You are at perfect liberty, like Germany, to do or think what you dam well please." And I wished him an extraordinarily good day.

O. S.

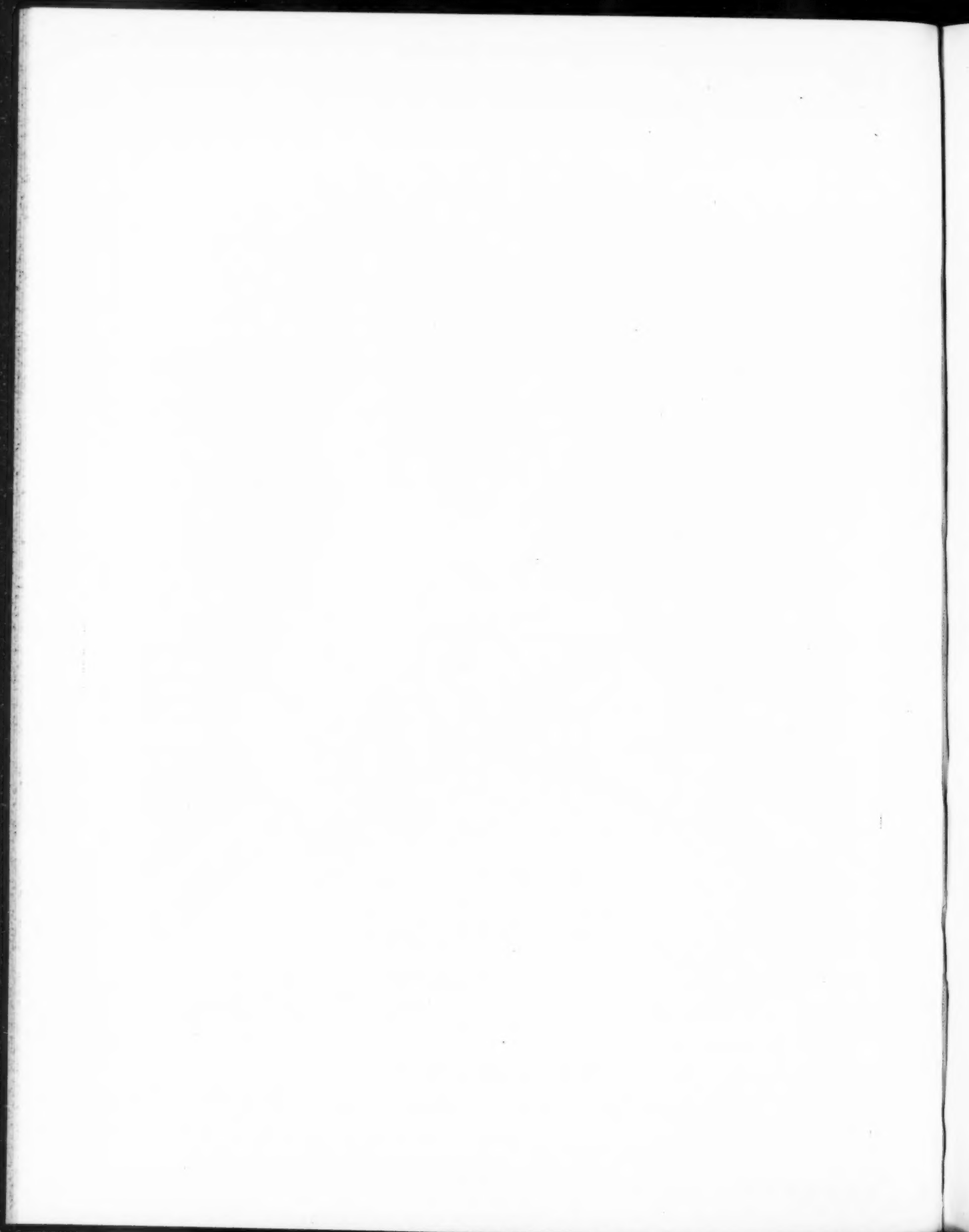


### THE EXCLUSIVES.

NORTH POLE (to SOUTH POLE). "HALLO! ARE YOU THERE? I SAY, OLD MAN, THEY NEARLY HAD YOU THAT TIME."

VOICE FROM SOUTH POLE. "YES, I KNOW. THERE'LL SOON BE NO SUCH THING AS PRIVACY."

[With Mr. Punch's best compliments to Lieutenant Shackleton.]







Tourist (who during a steady tramp has enquired, once every hour, how far it is to Ballymaloney, and has now for the third time received the same answer—namely, "About four-and-a-half or five miles"). "THANK HEAVEN WE'RE KEEPING PACE WITH IT, ANYWAY."

### A BOND STREET VISION.

Down the street the sunshine glances on  
the crowds that come and go,  
Fashion treads in Springtime's footsteps  
where the plate-glass windows glow,  
But I turn where ice and marble's stern  
simplicity set forth  
Noble fish from noble rivers of the grey  
and snow-bound North;  
And I pause with glance uncertain, as  
of one who seems to know  
In a dream the vanished features of  
some friend of long ago,—  
For I see in state reposing such a salmon  
as I keep  
As a rule for grim encounters on the  
chosen casts of sleep;  
As a rule, yet somehow surely has that  
glittering bulk before  
Agonised my waking vision by a real  
and solid shore.  
Fifty pounds? so once I made him, on  
the evening when I held  
Him—or else his double—beaten in that  
reach below Dunkeld.  
There he lies, superb and royal, clean as  
when he left the tide,  
With the bloom of snow and lilac mantled  
on his gleaming side,  
While his shoulders, proudly arching,  
wear a lustre hard and bright,  
Borrowed in Norwegian fiords from the  
fitful Arctic light,

Or where schools of running salmon leap  
beneath the summer stars  
Where the North Sea breakers thunder  
over Highland river bars.  
So for me the scene is altered, and in  
spirit I am whirled  
Far away from crowded pavements;  
fairest faces in the world,  
Roofs and chimneys, frocks and fashions  
—all are flown as shadows fly,  
And I see a stately river 'neath a soft  
October sky.  
Once again I see the Autumn banked  
and blazoned where the trees  
Shed her wealth of reds and yellows on  
the moisture-laden breeze;  
Oak's pale orange, beech's russet, in a  
splendid shower are blown  
Where the ouzel dips and whistles as  
he flits from stone to stone;  
And I hear the roar and mutter as the  
stream comes sweeping down  
Black and foam-flecked round the red-  
stone, clearing to a golden brown,  
Slipping past the scattered birchwoods,  
where the deer come down at night,  
Amber o'er the shelving shallows—on  
the shingles lispings light;  
And I feel the thrilling magic of the  
greenheart's spring and sway,  
And a favourite fly is working fully  
twenty yards away,  
And behind the sunken boulder, where  
the slack swirls smooth as oil,

Lo! the deep is agitated with a mighty  
wave and boil,  
And I see for half a moment that  
stupendous tail and back  
Wallow wide upon the surface in a  
leisurely attack;  
There's a heave of sudden silver—  
there's a flounce—a savage pull,  
And again the reel is racing as he gets  
it fair and full!  
Now the stormy sunset's touching all  
the distant tops with light,  
And he's rolling spent and helpless  
from the long-contested fight,  
Shattering the quiet surface into rings  
of rippling foam,  
Where the gillie waits his moment ere  
the gaff is driven home. . . .  
Then—ah then—the rod springs straight-  
ly and a worn and broken trace,  
Free again, springs back to strike me  
like a whiplash in the face;  
And I see the great fish rally—see the  
wave that marks his track  
O'er the dim unfriendly shallows till  
the deep receives him back!  
So the vision fades and passes, gone are  
mountain, wood and cloud,  
And the voice of streams is lost in roar  
of traffic and of crowd.  
Shall I leave him unacknowledged? or  
in fond remembrance—yes,  
Why not have at least a portion sent  
along to my address?

## THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

[EDITOR. *Let me see, the Boat Race is next Saturday. You might write an article about it.*

AUTHOR. *Certainly, if you desire it. But I don't know one end of an oar from the other.*

EDITOR. *One end's flatter than the other; that's how you can tell.*

AUTHOR. *Thanks. I'll point that out.*

EDITOR. *Don't be too technical. Hadn't you better take a shilling from the stamp drawer and run down to Putney this afternoon, and then come back and do us a nice breezy sketch?*

AUTHOR. *By all means.*

Mortlake is a small town in the Kingston Parliamentary Division of Surrey, situate some six miles west of London as the crow flies. Its population at the last census was estimated roughly at 7,774, though many experts consider that 7,775 would have been nearer the mark. However, even this figure will be exceeded on Saturday next, when a party of nine Putney residents educated at Cambridge University will journey thither by water, followed (or possibly preceded) by a similar party of nine who claim Oxford University for their Alma Mater.

This exodus from Putney is now an annual event, which is eagerly looked forward to by the young participants. Why, I am often asked, do they always select Mortlake as the object of their visit? Are there not more interesting resorts in the neighbourhood? Before I answer this question, let us take a look at the eighteen young gentlemen who will join the excursion this year. Perhaps that will help us to an appreciation of their partiality for this fascinating village.

[AUTHOR. *Am I being breezy enough?*

EDITOR. *I can't think what on earth you imagine you're doing.*

AUTHOR. *It was partly the guard's fault—I went on to Mortlake by mistake. Such an interesting place.*

First and foremost, *primus inter pares*, as CICERO used to say, we have Mr. STUART, the *doyen* of the Light Blue party. Mr. STUART has been to Mortlake no less than four times already, and is still as enthusiastic as ever over its historic associations. He will be able to point out to Mr. ROSHER the famous tablet to Sir PHILIP FRANCIS ("JUNIOR" FRANCIS, as he was known to his intimates), erected in the parish church to his memory in the year 1818. The church itself, as Mr. WILLIAMS (who has been here once before) may remind him, occupies the site of an edifice of the 14th century, the tower still dating from 1543. This tablet is a favourite one of Mr. STUART's, and on three previous

occasions he has reverently called the attention of his *confrères* to it, before the quiet of the place has been rudely disturbed by the arrival of the Oxford party. On the occasion of the fourth excursion, when nine young Americans took the places of the Dark Blue pilgrims, Mr. STUART, with characteristic national courtesy, waited at the landing-stage until they had all arrived, before leading the way into the venerable edifice.

Another enthusiast over the old brasses in Mortlake church is young Mr. KIRBY; so much so, indeed, that he has paid three previous visits to them. For some reason or other, however, he always gets there a little late; consequently he has not been able to devote so much study to them as he could have wished. His friends earnestly hope that next Saturday, at any rate, he will arrive in good time.

[AUTHOR. *I fancy I have put that rather tactfully.*

EDITOR. *Oh, get on, and get it over.*

AUTHOR. *You will like this next bit. This is really a spicy little bit of gossip.*

One of the show places of Mortlake is the Brewery. Mention of this reminds me that the time has come to reveal the secret history of the dispute which recently raged around Mr. STUART and his fellow-student, Mr. ARBUTHNOT. The boat in which the Cambridge party annually proceeds to Mortlake is so narrow that there is only room to sit one abreast; generally, therefore, there is some discussion as to the order in which the excursionists shall be seated. Now on the occasion of the University waygoose the Brewery, with ready hospitality, throws its doors open to the inspection of the tourists, with the necessary proviso that only the first one to enter shall be allowed to sample the different vintages. It is obvious, therefore, that the man seated in the "bows," or thin end of the boat, is the one who will arrive at Mortlake first, and, therefore, the one most likely to obtain this privilege. Mr. STUART loudly insisted that it was his turn for this; while his friends considered that it was his duty to remain at the thick end of the boat, where he could see and, if necessary, encourage the Oxford party. Mr. STUART felt that this encouragement would come better from a younger man, and recommended Mr. ARBUTHNOT for the position. Hence the trouble. Mr. ARBUTHNOT may now have to wait for another year before he can visit Mortlake; and when he does so it is to be hoped that he will remember to look out for the tomb of Sir RICHARD BURTON.

[AUTHOR. *I say, shall I stop being so technical?*

EDITOR. *When did you think of stopping altogether?*

AUTHOR. *I see what it is; you're offended because I haven't brought in what you told me about the oars.*

But Mortlake has other associations than those I have already mentioned. It was here that the two famous astrologers, DEE and PARTRIDGE, resided; indeed QUEEN ELIZABETH herself is currently reported to have consulted the first-named in this very village. DEE, who, in the language of the period, was "hardebakyd enowe to knowe ye flatte ende of ye oare from ye roundde one," mistook the identity of his client, and prophesied for her a numerous family and some success in life: which so much amused the QUEEN that she presented him with the Elizabethan Order.

Before I close this article [Hooray!—ED.]—

Before I close this article [Hooray!—ED.]—

Before I—[Hoo—ED.]—

In conclusion I feel it my duty to say that the second-class return fare to Mortlake is one and threepence, and that the Editor only gave me twelve old stamped addressed envelopes, so that I was actually threepence out of pocket, in addition to the taste of the gum, and when I honestly try to collect a little information about the place I was sent to—or, anyhow, arrived at, so as to write an article upon a subject about which I should otherwise have known nothing, I am made the stock, that is the laughing-butt, I mean the—

Well, anyhow, may the best boat win!

A. A. M.

## THE BANDBOX.

WHEN the Faringdens invited us to their afternoon reception Mamma said that Vera must have a new Paris hat for the occasion, as she had matrimonial hopes for her, and Guy Faringden, who is very eligible and very impressionable, doesn't care a straw for a girl unless she is ultra smart. When the day and the hat came, Mamma also decided I was not to go at all, because, she said, it would look too pointed to take one daughter in a Paris model and the other in a Bayswater one.

Vera's new hat had been bought at Spotcash's, the new Anglo-American Emporium, and came in one of their lovely satin handboxes.

The handbox, indeed, was quite a dream in itself, being covered with shell-pink satin, with a ruche round the top, and a satin bow and long ends. But somehow, the hat it contained was not quite so convincing as I expected, for though built on correct lines and resembling in shape a huge inverted pudding-basin, it lacked to my eye the crude contour and clumsy uncouthness that mark the *dernier cri*. Still, when Vera had got it

on, well crushed down over her face, like an extinguisher, it looked quite smart, and she was more high-spirited than sympathetic when she called back to me, as she drove away with Mamma in a taxi-cab—

"Never mind, Valerie. You shall have the bandbox."

Of course this was adding insult to injury, and I went slowly back into the bedroom and stood gazing sadly at the bandbox through my brimming tears.

Then, as I gazed, all in a moment a real genuine inspiration of genius flashed through my brain. The bandbox! Why, it was the very thing! There was the abnormal satin-covered crown, the utter absence of brim, the close satin ruche, the top-heavy extinguisher-like shape, all as required by the prevailing mode. With trembling fingers I cut a round hole in the lid and pushed it some three inches down into the box, then I turned the bandbox upside down and put it on my head, which fitted into the round hole. My pulses throbbed, there was a mist before my eyes, and when it had cleared I looked in the mirror.

The effect was marvellous; the bold simplicity of design completely fulfilled Fashion's latest fluctuation, and a quarter-of-an hour later I also was speeding to the Faringdens' in a taxi-cab.

The absolute and overwhelming success of my appearance may best be indicated by the following paragraph which appeared in all the society journals a few days later:—

"A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr. Guy Faringden, eldest son of Sir Godfrey Faringden, Bart., of Faringden Towers, N.B., and Miss Valerie Simpson, younger daughter of Mrs. Frederick Simpson, of Mountjoy Gardens, S.W." (*The italics are my own.*)

A contemporary informs us that—"the Prince and the Queen dine together every day without any suite."

Nothing, however, is said about the savoury.

#### A Real Conversation.

("What do they know of England," etc.)

A. Wasn't the South Polar expedition wonderful? Not a man lost.

B. That shows how much healthier heat is than cold. Lots of people have died trying to find the North Pole.

At a meeting of Bury ratepayers, according to a local paper,

"The Town Clerk declared that the amendment to chalking on the flags was defeated by 177 to 88, but each person held up two hands, and these figures should be divided by two in order to arrive at the right number of persons." Strange ways they have at Bury. Yet there seems to be one honest (or one-armed) man there.



#### MAD AS A HATTER.

*Autocrat.* "I ASSURE YOU, MADAM, THE EFFECT IS CHARMING—MOST ABSURD AND GROTESQUE."  
*Victim.* "OH, VERY WELL, IF YOU'RE SURE IT'S ALL THAT, I'LL DECIDE ON THIS ONE."

#### UNREST IN INDIA.

(Copy of an Application for Employment addressed to O. C. — Irregular Force.)

HONoured MASTER,—Having heard of your almighty mercy and loving kindness to us worms, I tell you my circumstances.

By the Grace of God and your Lordship I have seven children, all babies and sucklings.

Besides this abominable litter I have many male and female relations.

What have I done that I should be blessed with such cursed trials?

As your Lordship is my father and my mother, I would request that you will take this worm and wife and suckles and relations both male and female and provide for us from your bounty at a remuneration of Rs. 20 a month.

I cannot read or write, but by the

Grace of God and your Lordship I look forward to years of prosperity and happiness.

All the Chaoni of — sing of your praises, your justice and mercy; therefore call us all that we may fatten on your love and gentleness.

Call quickly.

Your faithful worm and beast,

MEEMA LAL

(Despicable brute and unwilling father of babies).

#### Lip-service.

From report of a Charitable Entertainment at Rugby—

"A collection was then made and Mr. — contributed a solo."

"He had a narrow escape of being a Leap-year man. Born February 28, 1834," etc.—*Birmingham Gazette.*

Apparently he only missed it by two years.



## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; Papa, aged 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, were you very angry with Mills?

Papa. Angry? Of course I was. I cannot tolerate one of my clerks being—ah—the worse for wine, and disgracing himself at a music-hall.

L. A. Shall you dismiss him, Papa?

Papa. Probably I shall. I haven't made up my mind yet; but I think he'll have to go. No respectable firm can overlook such scandalous behaviour.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I see that. (A pause.) Papa, what is a bump-supper?

Papa. A bump-supper, my boy? Oh, it's a sort of dinner for the crew of a College boat at Oxford or Cambridge.

L. A. But why do they have a bump-supper?

Papa. Well, they've had their boat-races, you know; and if the boat has gone Head of the River, or made a lot of bumps by defeating other boats, well, then they dine together to celebrate their victory when the races are over.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I understand. You rowed in your College boat, didn't you, Papa?

Papa. (proudly). Yes, my boy, I did. There's my oar on the wall. They gave us that for making seven bumps.

L. A. And did you have a bump-supper afterwards, Papa?

Papa. Bump-supper! I should just think we did. The best bump-supper that ever was.

L. A. And did they make much noise at your bump-supper, Papa?

Papa. No, not so very much. A little cheering, of course, and a few speeches; but it all went off very well as far as I remember.

L. A. (sternly). Papa, are you sure you remember it all?

Papa. Why, bless my soul, what an extraordinary question! Remember it? Of course I do. Why shouldn't I?

L. A. I don't know, Papa; but you gave me a letter to read this morning, didn't you?

Papa. Yes, a letter from Mr. Harding, the Vicar. I wanted you to realise the fine work that is being done in the parish. Mr. Harding writes so eloquently that I thought it would do you good to read it.

L. A. But, Papa, the letter wasn't from Mr. Harding at all.

Papa. Not from Mr. Harding! Why, what the——

L. A. No, Papa, the letter was from Mr. Bulkley.

Papa. !!!

L. A. Yes, Papa, from Mr. Bulkley. Perhaps you made a mistake, but you only said, "Here, read that letter," so I read it through.

Papa. The dickens you did.

L. A. Yes, Papa; he wanted to know if you were coming to the usual dinner just before the boat-race. Are you going to that dinner, Papa?

Papa. Yes, I shall probably go to it.

L. A. And he said he hoped you wouldn't try to stand on your head and kick the Dean in the mouth, as you did after a certain bump-supper. Papa, did you do that?

Papa. Of course not. Never did such a thing in my life. Just a bit of Bulkley's chaff. You mustn't take him seriously.

L. A. No, Papa, I suppose not. And then he said you probably wouldn't remember about it on account of all the bumpers you had drunk, and he hoped you had learnt wisdom now you were a family man, and what rot it was of the Dean to talk of scandalous behaviour, and, after all, we were only young once, and it wasn't everybody who made three bumps in one night.

Papa. Isn't that your mother calling you?

L. A. No, Papa, she's calling Mabel. What's a bumper, Papa?

Papa. Oh, a bumper's a glass of wine. You have to drink it off. It's an old custom.

L. A. But if you drank a lot of bumpers, wouldn't it be very dreadful?

Papa. I tell you you mustn't believe everything Bulkley says. It's only his fun.

L. A. Yes, Papa; but if the Dean said it was scandalous behaviour——

Papa. Oh, the Dean! Who cares what the Dean said?

L. A. No, Papa. But perhaps Mills had been having a bump-supper the other evening.

Papa. No such thing.

L. A. But perhaps you won't dismiss him, Papa. Perhaps he'll be a family man too, some day. Oh, and Papa, why did Mr. Bulkley say you broke down in trying to sing *The Hounds of the Meynell*? I never heard you sing, Papa.

Papa. No, you didn't, and nobody else ever did either.

L. A. But, Papa——

Papa. I can't listen to you any more. Go and play in the garden.

## A PROTEST FROM PARNASSUS.

*In apprehension of the Daylight Saving Bill.*

SAV, have the lees of the earth such a dreg as us

Bards if we bow to this tyrannous Bill,

Rise ere we want to, and saddle our Pegasus

Early by order?—I'm blown if we will!

Was it for this that the Barons at Runnymede

Wrested a Charter of freedom from JOHN,

Toasting the health of its clauses in honey-mead?—

Did they? I don't know, but let us get on.

I that have sung you what wind-blossoms blow lowest

Down in the valley where dances the fay,

Am I to rise when the lark is a soloist,

Merely to humour a Government, eh?

Am I to make my melodious madrigals

Out on the lawn at an hour when the thrush

Shortens the glee of the worm and his glad wriggles,

Rather than roam when the nightingales gush.

No, and I deem not the multitude fortunate

Thinking to lengthen the hours of the light;

Is not the daytime exacting, importunate,

Utterly vulgar compared with the night?

See where Amyntas, and goodness! how smart a miss,

Twining their arms when the gloom has begun,

Utter at ease in the empire of Artemis

Twaddle they never could talk in the sun.

"Cricket" (the fanatics urge) and "economy,"

"Saving of gas"—do I care about that?

Think of the charm of our childhood's astronomy,

Think of the soft and marsupial bat:

Think of the authors of sonnets that ruminate

Under the stars by the silvery Thames;

Think of the thousands of ads. that illuminate

London by night with electrical gems.

No, by the might of the Muses that foster us!

Let them, advancing the hands of the clock,

Force on the masses a wholly preposterous

System—but we will be firm as a rock.

Others, surprising the sun in his chariot

Long ere their wont, may submissively delve,

We must demand of Eliza (or Harriet)

Not to be called at eleven, but twelve.

"Wanted, use of a Bath-room, with hot and cold water, once a month, for a small fee."

Our one hope is that he means lunar months.



## SPEAIGHT UP TO DEAIGHT.

MR. SPEAIGHT, the famous improver of the Marble Arch, which is now no longer a foolish and antiquated gateway to the Park, but a noble isolated obstacle in the middle of Oxford Street, carrying out superbly its new duties as a complicator of the traffic—Mr. SPEAIGHT, to whose fertile brain this improvement is due, has been drawing up a further series of projects for the beautification of London, which, under his ingenious and patriotic hand, is to become as attractive as the White City.

"The fault of London," as he is reported to have said to an interviewer, in whose statements, however, we place no confidence, "is that it is so English. The capital of a country should never reflect its nationality; it should borrow from other countries. My conception of the perfect London is that it should be packed with statuary, like the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg."

"There cannot be too much statuary. At present London's statues are scattered—Cobden at Camden Town, Wellington at Hyde Park Corner, Brunel on the Embankment, William III. in Kensington Gardens, and so forth. Let us have them all together near Buckingham Palace. The equestrian figures might be set side by side, as if starting for a race. Physical Energy from Kensington Gardens beside George III. in his scratch wig from Cockspur Street, and Richard Cœur-de-Lion from the House of Lords beside the Duke of Cambridge from Whitehall. That would be novel and pleasing; but bookmakers would, of course, not be allowed."

"All the other statues should be picturesquely assembled in avenues, so that on one's way through the Mall one could literally walk through the history of England. How instructive, how stimulating!"

"To isolate the Arch at Hyde Park Corner so that it comes into the middle of the roadway is another of my schemes. The picturesque and interesting congestion of traffic at the foot of Hamilton Place wants company. Things should go in pairs. I therefore suggest the creation of more intricacy close by. This done, I would place the Achilles statue on the top of the arch."

"Nelson's Column is not satisfactory. I feel sure something could be done with it. A hinge in the middle, so that Nelson could be lowered for the inspection of the man in the street, who now has no chance of closely studying his great hero, might do it. Hydraulic power would be the medium, I take it. A simple matter."

"The lions, too. How wasteful to concentrate all four lions in one spot,



Mabel (to Tommy, who has just announced that he is engaged to a lady aged 12). "Why, I THOUGHT YOU ALWAYS PROMISED TO MARRY ME!"  
Tommy. "YES, YES. I KNOW I DID. I BLAME MYSELF ENTIRELY."

and leave the rest of this great and important city lionless! How like England. What I say is, leave Trafalgar Square one lion and distribute the others.

"Westminster Abbey again—" But here the interviewer fled."

## Our Dreadnought "Slips."

It is rumoured that the Secretary of the M. C. C. has received the following cable from the Captain of the Australian Cricket Team:—

"Please verify or deny circumstantial report England has seventeen slips and may increase. Protest against arbitrary change in rules of game."

## Pen-and-Ink Notes.

Though the example of Lady CONSTANCE LYTON, who has been writing with her blood, will not be followed literally in fashionable circles, it has given an impetus to the sale of blue inks; and a well-known ink-manufacturer is putting on the market in a few days a new brand to be known as Blue-Blood Ink.

There has been some discussion from time to time as to whether the pen is mightier than the sword. We are informed that the whole subject is to be decided at next Monday's meeting of a Herne Hill debating society. Admission will be free.



Adjutant (discovering second button of tunic unfastened). "DASH IT ALL, SERGEANT-MAJOR! HERE'S A FELLAH HALF NAKED! MAKE HIM A PRIZ'NAR!"

### THE NEWEST MAGAZINE.

(Being the kind of interview that hardly any daily paper now spares us.)

It was in an office luxuriously furnished and bearing every trace of prosperity that our representative, calling, we need hardly say, wholly on the editorial initiative and without the cognisance of the advertisement manager, found Mr. Mornleigh Foam, the proprietor and publisher of the new magazine, called after himself, *Foam's Magazine*.

"I am glad you called," said he, as he offered our representative a costly Cabana and poured out two glasses of the merriest Veuve procurable. "I had, of course, no notion that you were coming, but I am delighted to see you, because I feel that such originality and enterprise as I am showing should be put on record in an influential paper."

Our representative, who has been quite decently brought up and knows what's what, bowed.

"Yes," continued the publisher, "I gave this subject immense thought, and at last came to the conclusion that it was idle not to strike out a new and courageous line. 'I would,' I said to myself, 'hit the country—as BURKE, you remember, hit the House of Commons—between wind and water.'"

"And you—?"

"Yes, I did. I took one of the boldest and most revolutionary steps that the publisher of a new magazine could do. I wrote to Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING for a story!"

"Ah!" Our representative buried his face in his bubbling glass. "Yes, Mr. Foam, and then?"

"And then I wrote to — You will never guess!"

"You tantalise me, Mr. Foam."

"To Mr. ANTHONY HOPE!"

"Did you really? It was Napoleonic. And then?"

"And then to Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Sir ARTHUR, I may say, was very kind. Indeed, I have had some of the pleasantest experiences of my career with the aristocracy."

"And what have these authors written for you, may I ask?"

"Ah, well, there you have me. I must confess that I have not looked too closely into that. But I know what I have written for them."

"May I inquire what, Mr. Foam?"

The publisher leaned back with an expression of affected caution and mystery. "Cheques," he said at last.

Our representative laughed heartily. "Yes, indeed," he said. "I expect so. Yes, indeed. Cheques. Ha! ha!"

"Mr. KIPLING's story," continued Mr. Foam, "cost me nearly half-a-crown a word; but you may buy it, together

with many other stories much more comprehensible, for sixpence. There's enterprise and generosity. Indeed, I venture to think that no better sixpenny-worth was ever offered. The names alone are worth the money."

"Then you don't care for anonymous or unknown writers?"

Mr. Foam's expressive eyes conveyed a strong negative.

"Yes," he went on, "I'm an innovator. Bold, very likely; reckless, perchance foolish. But there it is! A man must be true to himself, and I was always one for derring-do. My policy—my secret—is names."

Our representative rose and picked up that one of his two hats which seemed nearest to him.

"Good-bye," said the publisher. "Look out for my first number. There's a story in it by RIDER HAGGARD about Africa and treasure-hunting which should set the Thames on fire. There's been nothing so original since *King Solomon's Mines*. Mind the step."

### Absence of Mind.

"The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry gave another dinner party last night at Londonderry House, Park Lane."

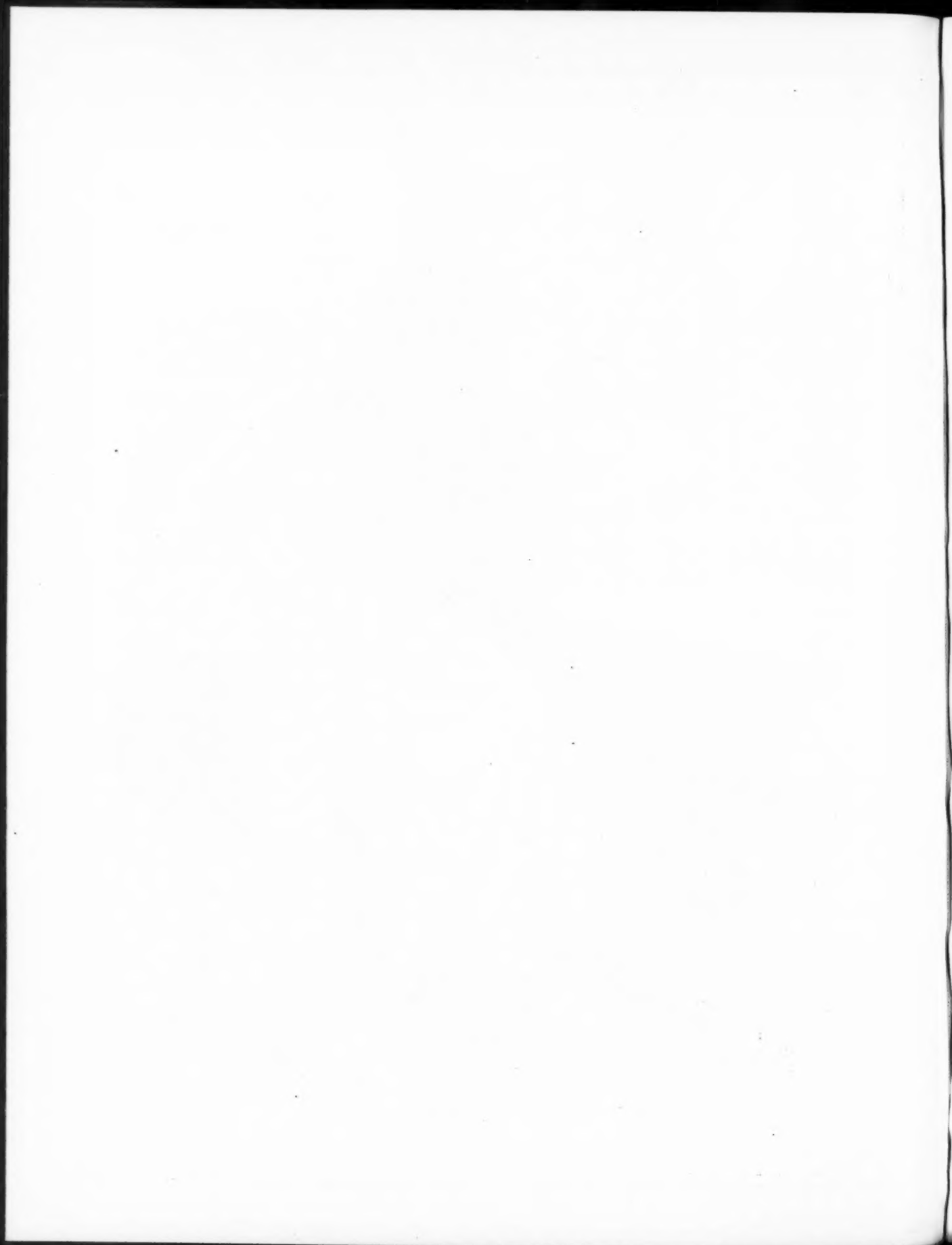
*The Standard.*

"The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry left London yesterday for Sherborne, Dorsetshire."—*The Standard* (of same date).



### THE CALL OF THE BLOOD.

GERMANIA. "A DREADNOUGHT FOR BRITAIN FROM NEW ZEALAND? THESE LION-CUBS ARE  
SPLENDID! I WISH I HAD AN EAGLET OR TWO LIKE THAT."





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 23.*  
—Storm-cloud hangs low over crowded House. The air is thunderous. Presently we shall see it riven by forked lightning. In such circumstances PRINCE ARTHUR is always supernaturally calm. Has placed on paper a Vote of Censure affirming criminal neglect by Government of safety of the country. To-day he is to ask for an opportunity of moving it.

Through the long string of questions Members impatiently await the moment of his interposition. When it comes, he, in conversational tone, studiously casual manner, invites the PREMIER to name the day. Tension of the House indicated by the cheer which greets his rising. A still louder one rising from the serried hosts of Ministerialists encourages the PREMIER when he responds to enquiry. ASQUITH not exactly what you would call a man of emotional nature. Does not wear his heart on his sleeve for daws or other inconsiderable birds to peck at. By rare exception is just now in state of seething indignation. It finds voice later when, in Committee, he denounces the naval scare as "the most unpatriotic, the most unscrupulous misrepresentation of the actual situation" known to him in pretty long experience.

At this moment he is content acridly to surmise that PRINCE ARTHUR, equally

with himself and the Government, is anxious that the question should be discussed at earliest possible moment. That being so, he names Thursday.

This unusual tone ruffles the cultured smoothness of PRINCE ARTHUR's manner. He don't want to fight, but by Jingo if he do! Thursday is set apart for second reading of Appropriation Bill, an opportunity sacred to Members desiring to talk on any subject under the sun.

"The right hon. gentleman," he said, flinging a scornful gesture towards the Treasury Bench, whilst he looked round for the cheers of his supporters, "is giving not his own time, but our time, to the Vote of Censure."

In this objection PREMIER, to increasing anger of PRINCE ARTHUR, discovered fresh reason to believe that there was no hurry in the matter. "The only alternative date is Thursday week—April 1st," he innocently added.

House now thoroughly roused. Cheers and

counter-cheers punctuated the conversation across the Table. Its acerbity subtly heightened by the courteous phrases of personal reference imposed by Parliamentary usage. In the white-heat of temper conventionalities might have failed but for interposition of REDMOND *ainc*. The Irish Members have, it seems, marked Thursday as their own. Have a few words to say on local matters. Not disposed to stand aside in order that discussion may take place on a Vote of Censure implying situation of national peril.

The Irish leader making this clear, the interval afforded PRINCE ARTHUR opportunity of resuming command over himself. When he again interposed he had recovered the manner almost of indifference with which he opened the conversation. Storm fizzled out with commonplace suggestion that settlement of precise day shall be deferred till to-morrow.

Nevertheless excitement still simmered. LONDONDERRY, watching it from the Peers' Gallery, was so perturbed that when he rose to leave he put on his hat, a serious breach of privilege. Walked nearly the full length of the Gallery before a breathless messenger, catching up with him, reminded him of his peril.

*Business done.* In Committee on Navy Estimates.

*House of Lords, Tuesday.*—Noble Lords are legislative half-timers. Not



SUFFRAGETTE (AFTER RAPHAEL).  
A memory of the Croydon Election.



A SERIOUS BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.  
Lord Londonderry walks out in his hat!



A Bishop (in full canonicals) escorting a foreign colleague (in rabbinical raiment of sorts) makes a startling appearance over the clock.

enough work to serve full round of week. So they make holiday on Mondays, and when on other days they sit do not prolong occasion beyond the limit of half an hour. CARRINGTON looked in on his way to dinner at National Liberal Club. In fine form, high spirits.

"You recognise, Toby, dear boy," he said, "the extreme difficulty of giving fresh turn to prolonged discussion. We've had this naval scare kept up for exactly a week. Floods of argument and eloquence from platform and press have drenched it. Must allude to it in speech to-night; seems nothing left for one to say. But you know how bright thoughts flash on the virgin mind. Walking down here this afternoon idea came to me. Jotted it down. Don't mind if I read the passage to you?"

"On the contrary, delighted."

"Well, here it is. It's the peroration, don't you know? There's a lot before I lead up to it: 'When the PRIME MINISTER cries 'Havoc!' to the Tory Party, then will the National Liberal Club let slip the dogs of war.' That'll fetch 'em, don't you think?"

"Fetch 'em?" "I responded enthusiastically. "I can see them being carried out in couples."

"Seems to me," added his Lordship, carefully folding up the scrap of paper, and

taking care that it should not be mislaid, "there is about it a—what shall I say?—a not unhappy mixture of responsibility and action. There is ASQUITH standing at top of marble staircase at the National Liberal Club, crying 'Havoc!' I can almost see and hear him. Sort of remark one would make in the circumstances. Then down the staircase, scornful of the lift, come the dogs of war, bounding out on to Embankment, to make short work of LANSLOWNE, PRINCE ARTHUR, and the rest of them."

"It would make an admirable fresco," I suggested, "like those in corridor between Houses of Lords and Commons. Would also look well in entrance-hall of Club."

"Ah!" said CARRINGTON, walking off (though I fancy he was not displeased at the idea), "that is not a matter for me to suggest."

*Business done.*—Talk of boycotting in Ireland.

*House of Commons, Thursday.*—Across the troubled scene of angry controversy and threats of Vote of Censure trips a figure which bestows upon it a pastoral air. Dressed in rough homespun, the skirt cut short enough to display the thick-shod but not over-sized shoes, with the glow of country air and life on her innocent countenance, the maiden paces the thoroughfares of Clapham and the Boulevards of Brixton. On her arm, open to full inspection, is a basket, in which repose delicate rolls of fresh butter, half concealed by



"Then will the National Liberal Club let slip the dogs of war.' That'll fetch 'em, don't you think?"

(Earl Carrington, K.G.)

dainty linen wraps. Also there are eggs, each one stamped with yesterday's date in testimony of its birthdate.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to sell my mother's butter and her fresh-laid eggs," she answers. "They are from our own farm, situated in Battersea, left us by a fond father, carried off suddenly owing to a kick in the back by a cow when he was filling a pail at the pump."

What can you do? Why, you buy all the butter and the eggs in the basket, with difficulty carrying them home, whilst the little one, gratefully smiling, runs off to the farm for a fresh supply.

Such is the picture conjured up by Celtic fancy for the delight of a sympathetic House. KILBRIDE is the artist. When with deft brush he has dashed the picture on the canvas and Members are thinking of strolling out Clapham way, he paints it out and presents another. Those objects looking like what DAVID JAMES in *Our Boys* used to call "pats of Dosset" are really margarine. The fresh eggs come from the Continent in a crate. The whole thing is, in short, a fresh injustice to Ireland, whose eggs and butter are, so to speak, whipped out of the market.



"Everybody knows the hon. member fills a considerable space in the literary world." (Laughter and "Hear, hear.")—*Mr. Speaker.*

(Mr. Hilaire Belloc.)



## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Dejected Cabman. "HANSOMS ARE GOING CHEAP TO-NIGHT, SIR."

STRACHEY, on behalf of Board of Agriculture, undertakes to look into the matter.

*Business done.*—Appropriation Bill read second time.

## HOW TO DISARM OPPOSITION.

["Don't let yourself be disturbed by criticism. . . . Those who criticise in the newspapers are often one-sided persons, dominated by prejudice. If I were to leave Germany one day and go to the other end of the world, Germany would perhaps be surprised and ask my pardon for much."]—*Report of conversation of the German Emperor in Reuter's Telegram from Berlin, March 22.*

SIMILAR reports about other Distinguished Persons, though not yet to hand, are hourly anticipated as follows:—

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, addressing an audience of Pacifists in the Lecture Theatre at Garrod's Emporium on Saturday last, said that for fifteen years he had been impervious to calumny. Still he could not help feeling that if he were to quit England and go to the South Pole his enemies might in time come to

have a kindly feeling towards him—if he remained there.

Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, interviewed in his favourite Restaurant, said that in the long run the fatuous and malignant criticism of which he was the object would recoil on the heads of his blatant and overfed calumniators. It was the privilege of martyrs to be misunderstood. Even in the Colne Valley detraction had reared its poisonous crest. If he were to quit the sordid political arena at Westminster and emigrate to Tibet, England would undoubtedly regard him with widely different feelings.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, speaking at a political meeting at the Paddington Baths on Friday, observed that he said ditto to the GERMAN EMPEROR on the subject of criticism. Dramatic critics were often purblind creatures, and had no sense of perspective or eye for sartorial elegance. He had suffered much at their hands, but he bore them no malice. Sometimes, in moments of depression, he had thought of starting afresh in Alaska or Manchuria or the

Grand Sahara. In the last-named district, however, he understood that the natives did not wear or appreciate the beauty of trousers. Still it would be a noble task to extricate and elevate them from this benighted condition. He felt certain that if he were to leave England one day and bury himself in the purlieus of Timbuctoo, M. PÉLISSIER would be surprised and Mr. BEERDOHM TREE might shed a tear. On the other hand it was possible that he mightn't.

Speaking at an open-air meeting near the Great Wheel at Laxey, in the Isle of Man, Mr. HALL CAINE said he sympathised deeply with the GERMAN EMPEROR, whose sentiments expressed his own feelings with extraordinary precision. Genius inevitably exasperated the common herd, and was often driven into exile in self-defence. As GIBBON said, "Conversation may enrich the intellect, but solitude is the true school for genius," and he had serious thoughts of putting this dictum to a practical test (*Sensation.*) For twenty years certain critics had systematically and consistently belittled his achievements. He



had endured this ordeal with patience and in contemptuous silence. But there was a limit in all things, and he often wondered what England would think if he were permanently to take up his residence in the Antipodes. (*Great emotion, during which several prominent Men were removed in a fainting condition.*) At any rate, he felt sure that Mr. HEINEMANN would be surprised and Mr. A. B. WALKLEY would be smitten with remorse. But after all, Australasia deserved some return for her generous offer of *Dreadnoughts*. (*Continued emotion, during which the Great Wheel was profoundly moved.*)

### KENTISH FIRE-LIGHTS.

(By Tiberius Mudd.)

THE statement that the MS. of the first volume of Mr. DE MORGAN'S new novel runs to 180,000 words has excited some singularly irrelevant comment in certain quarters. Perfect condensation no doubt is a good thing, but it is not within the power of everybody to compass it. For however short we may be, there will always be one Shorter.

A strange but unconfirmed rumour is going the round of Fleet Street that Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT is engaged on a Biography of Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL. On hearing this a witty member of the Omar Khayyam Club observed that he supposed the illustrations would be Nicoll-plated.

A correspondent writes to point out the remarkable coincidence that both parts of Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS'S name are now borne by peers. In this context I may point out that *Jimbo*, Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S new book, has not an elephant for its hero.

Mr. WILLIAM HEINEMANN has just returned from a journey in India. Mr. JOHN LONG, on the other hand, always travels in Wales.

BRONTË, as my readers are doubtless well aware, is the Greek for "thunder." It is pleasant to know that in view of his employing a tonitruophone in the score of his new symphony, M. PADEBRESKI has been elected an honorary member of the Wuthering Asinæum.

### More Commercial Candour.

From an advertisement circulated in Ceylon:—

"Once your kind inspection solicited for a trial, and then our execution will be agreeable."

### AT THE PLAY.

"THE NOBLE SPANIARD."

TAKE away from the women their Victorian costumes (if I may say so without offence) and withdraw from Mr. HAWTREY the privilege of dropping his h's, and there would be little left in Mr. MAUGHAM'S pot-boiler at the Royalty to explain his popularity as a playwright. Save for one novel feature, *The Noble Spaniard* belongs to the hallowed category of Palais-Royal farces, duly bowdlerised for British consumption. The novelty is provided by Mr. HAWTREY in the title rôle. For once

to catch the bouquet whose discharge from the window was to be the signal for flight. During these regrettable distractions we mainly relied for our fun on Miss FANNY BROUGH; and, indeed, her characteristic humour of voice and face, the familiar eloquence of her hands, the unfamiliar motions she imparted to crinoline and flounce, were a pure joy.

For the rest, it was rather dull and obvious work. The dialogue, especially of the women, was often thin to the point of emaciation, and when there was good stuff in it, it was generally confined to one side, while the other had to be content with trivial interjections. That intelligent actress, Miss KATE CUTLER, was not very happily suited in the part of a merry widow who appeared to appreciate very heartily—even perhaps above its actual merit—the humour of the situations in which she found herself, but was allowed to contribute very little of her own. Mr. LYALL SWETE, who was got up after the similitude of THACKERAY, has also had more likely parts to play. For all his profound knowledge of stage technique, I seemed to trace a touch of the amateur in his acting. Of the others, Mr. LEON LION seized what little chance he had in the last Act.

Altogether, a rather negligible play, and not very worthy of Mr. MAUGHAM'S reputation. But this should not prevent its being a popular success. O. S.



Lady Proudfoot (Miss Fanny Brough) cherishes the illusory hope that the Duke of Hermanos (Mr. Hawtreys) has designs on her virtue.

he plays something approaching to a character part; he has almost to be somebody else than himself; he has even to borrow a voice. Towards this loan I fancied at times that Mr. TREE had contributed a trifle.

Grandees of Spain are so rarely accessible to alien observation and so seldom may be studied in the pursuit of British widows at watering-places in the Pas-de-Calais, that I must credit Mr. HAWTREY with evolving his *Duke of Hermanos* out of his own head. It was a delightful creation, and he kept it up with admirable consistency and restraint. So long as he was on the stage all went pretty well; but he couldn't be there permanently. He had to be busy elsewhere, hunting for imaginary husbands or unlegalised rivals; purchasing weapons for their destruction; collecting post-horses for the purpose of an elopement; waiting outside on the sea front

the one speech of the evening." Yes, but who will make it?

"The writer is not quite right in sympathising with the small butcher, because he can, and does, rule the roast whenever he chooses to exercise his power."

In these words a correspondent in the *Glasgow Herald* gets the butcher's champion neatly in the best end of the neck.

### Maxims for the Forces.

"The ex-sergeant-major of the Scots Greys evidently believes in the maxim 'Mens sana in corpora sana.'—*Dundee Evening Telegraph*. Which he should translate as "A healthy mind in a healthy corporal."

"The programme opened with selections by the school orchestra, Mr. E. A. E. Lambert wielding the bacon."—*Retford Times*. This must be the prize fitch from Dunmow.



## ONCE BITTEN.

An Ode to Nature in Spring, by a Former Victim.

NATURE, you deceitful charmer,  
Bidding long-haired poets roam  
(This annoys the local farmer)  
O'er the incense-breathing loam;  
Let me tell you how your footling  
Conduct has deterred from tootling  
One who sits in motley armour,  
Writing doggerel at home.

Long ago, when early spring-tide  
Came to glad the woods and hills,  
Tighter was my tuneful string tied,  
Throbbing with melodious thrills;  
I would take excursion tickets  
Just to watch your blooming thickets,  
Hoping (if they weren't extinct) I'd  
See some Naiads near the rills.

What occurred? I wore a trim bow  
(Meant to match the boughs) of green;  
Lightly clad, with arms akimbo,  
Felt a oneness with the scene;—  
Then there came a sleety blizzard,  
Froze the stanzas in my gizzard,  
And I cast them to the limbo  
Of the odes that might have been.

Even now, when dusk embraces,  
Like a pall of fragrant soot,  
Hollow glens and open spaces,  
I should like to go and put  
Mine amongst the lips that flatter  
Faun and nymph and hoofed satyr,  
Were it not that grassy places  
Get so dampish underfoot.

Dryads might behold me gaping  
Through the boughs—my bowler off;  
Pan himself, a herdsman aping,  
Whistle from some water-trough:  
Who can say? But, if the night dew  
Caught me coming home (and quite due),  
Nothing could prevent my shaping  
For a nasty spell of cough.

Therefore if my pipe be scrannel,  
If my music fails to fill  
Forest grove and river channel,  
Nature, do not take it ill:  
Think with how sublime (if vague) an  
Ardour to be dubbed a pagan,  
Long ago, in lightish flannel,  
I sustained a heavy chill.

## Boat Race Notes.

It is understood that this year, in order to avoid any possible misconstruction of his action, the KAISER will wire his congratulations to the winning crew through the medium of Sir EDWARD GREY.

The Old Lady who was told last year that she could see the race "from the bank" is not likely to repeat the experiment. She took up a strong position in Threadneedle Street, but saw practically nothing of the race.



Nurse. "NOW THEN, MASTER GEORGE! JUST YOU GIVE OVER, PLEASE. YOU SEE IF YOU DON'T GET SOMETHING DREADFUL FOR BEING SUCH A NAUGHTY BOY."



(Old gentleman at other end of seat turns round).

Nurse. "THERE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? SERVES YOU RIGHT!"

## A FLIRTATION IN TRIOLETS.

I.

HER eyes grow so kind  
As we sit out the dance  
That I've more than a mind—  
Her eyes grow so kind!—  
Just to risk it, and find  
If for my sake, perchance,  
Her eyes grow so kind  
As we sit out the dance.

II.

SHE tells me to go,  
But her eyes bid me stay.  
Shall I linger, although  
She tells me to go?  
Her face is aglow,  
And, half-turning away,

SHE tells me to go,  
But her eyes bid me stay.

III.

AS I knew, more or less,  
She was only a flirt.  
She enjoyed my distress,  
As I knew, more or less.  
But I'm bound to confess  
That I cannot feel hurt,  
As I knew, more or less,  
She was only a flirt.

"Lost, Tuesday 23rd inst., dark brown ears, dropped."

An advertisement in *The Evening News*, which the sub-editor with contemptible pusillanimity puts under the heading, "Too late for classification." He might at least have had a shot.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In presenting *Glimpses of the Twenties* (CONSTABLE), Mr. TOYNBEE does not attempt to elucidate them by comment. That is wise, since the bare record of historic facts suffices to enable the modern reader to realise something of the actuality of these good old times. The period dealt with follows the course of the reign of the last and worst of the GEORGES. It is illumined with some great names, as CANNING, WELLINGTON, BROUGHAM, ELDON, ROBERT PEELE, PALMERSTON and FITZ. But for the most part—public and social life being tainted at the fountain head—the *dramatis personæ* are a sorry lot. The man behind the throne—really a decent person as times went—was the KING's doctor, SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON. When GEORGE IV. was detected in the habit of holding secret intercourse with foreign envoys, CANNING, at the time Foreign Secretary, put his foot down. The thwarted KING sent his medical man to talk him over, a fruitless endeavour that occupied three hours. One familiar with the habits and position of statesmen of to-day reads with amazement of the abject bearing usually assumed by CANNING towards such a man as GEORGE IV. Even the Duke of WELLINGTON bowed his stately figure, which usually suggested a ramrod in the neighbourhood of the spine, in the closet of a sovereign whose familiar instruments were the ex-accoucheur KNIGHTON, MACMAHON, a former kitchen boy, and one BLOOMFIELD, who literally fiddled his way into royal favour. The book casts a lurid light on a period of British history when the Empire was in the making.

I have a bone (or, if he prefers it, a reed) to pick with the author of *Syrinx* (HEINEMANN). On page 4, Mr. LAURENCE NORTH's heroine, whose name is *Aspasia*, starts quoting SAPPHO aloud in the summer dusk, and this mental exercise she repeats at intervals during the book. On page 5, a gentleman leaning over a gate embowered with roses compliments her on using the original Greek, and she responds: "There are no possible translations." After this contemptuous pedantry on the part of Miss Herrick (that was *Aspasia's* other significant name), I think it rather noticeable that all the Sapphics printed in this volume are in English. As for the plot, it may be called daring. *Aspasia* is apparently undecided throughout the earlier part of the story as to whether she should marry Robert Akenside, a pedantic Oxford don (she was at Lady Margaret's Hall herself), or throw all convention to the winds and attempt to live up to her pagan name. She "sits" for *Syrinx* for a sculptor of no morals but great genius, and finally, after an affair with Maurice Laleham, a young painter, marries an Italian professor of sixty, who, it is to be presumed, will allow her the

eponymous liberty she desires. Whether, after this, young ladies should still be permitted to pursue the Bacchanal course of Honour Moderations at Oxford, must be left to the heads of their colleges to decide.

*The Alternative* (HUTCHINSON) deals with a problem nearly as old as the dilemma which troubled the prince of doubters. To be wed or not to be wed, whether 'tis wiser in a girl to suffer the slings and arrows of an outrageous mother's tongue, or, in the arms of a man with a past whom she only tolerates, to set sail on the perilous seas of matrimony—that, for poor *Kate Heriot*, was the question. She ought to have been the happy wife of her cousin and boy-lover, *Kit Lyel*. But he went away to seek his fortune, and never told his love, except in a letter which *Kate's* mother took good care should not reach her. So she married the other man, and lived unhappily ever after, the victim of a long tragedy of lies. To help her to be loyal to her marriage-vow, *Kit*, on his return, lied—magnificently—about the purloined letter. To free herself from her husband, when his passing fancy had turned to abiding hatred, she falsely pleaded guilty to infidelity with her cousin, who had died in her arms. To gain his private ends her husband pretended not to believe her self-accusation, and then for the rest of her life acted towards her a daily and hourly lie of jealous revenge. And as for the mother, she was a liar from the beginning to the end, with no particular motive but vulgar spite. Lastly, I myself was sorely tempted to—well, to a *suppressio veri*, for fear of deterring possible readers of Mrs. A. F. SLADE's powerful and moving story by seeming to paint it in too gloomy colours, but I have refrained. Yet, sad as the book is, it is humanly and artistically delightful. Its people and the things they do and the lies they tell are so very true to life.



*The Knight's Horse* (after a busy day spent in liberating distressed damsels, and various other exploits). "I WONDER WHAT THE — FOOL'S GOING TO DO NOW!"

One does not usually search for mystery in a suburban back-garden. The only kind I have ever seen, when snatching a hinder view of other people's houses from a passing train, have been the ghostly mysteries of human garments or household linen distorted into unfamiliar shapes upon a clothes-line. But Mr. EDGAR JERSON flies higher than the prosaic pillow-case or pyjamas; nothing less than a sanguinary altar and full sacrificial rites, with real human blood and rogues rampant, will satisfy him in *The Mystery of the Myrtles* (HUTCHINSON). Nor, I admit, when once engrossed in the story, would anything less have satisfied me. I forgot its wild improbability, and forgave even the weak love-scenes, in the comfortable conviction that, after all, Tooting might possess its Thugs and Brixton its head-hunting Borneans. On the whole, the best sensational novel I have happened on for a long while.